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MEMOIR

OF THE

Rev. JOSEPH W. BARR.

BY THE

Rev. E. P. SWIFT, D. D.

A NEW EDITION,
REVISED AND ADAPTED TO SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

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PREFACE.

"I WISH all the good men we read about, did not live so far off," said a Sabbath-school scholar, as she was reading the life of a Scottish missionary. It is certainly desirable that examples of Christian devotion and self-sacrifice furnished by the American Church, should be set before the young. To this end, the Board of Publication have, with the cordial consent and approbation of the Rev. Dr. Swift, caused the very interesting materials contained in his life of Joseph W. Barr to be presented in a form suitable for Sabbath-school libraries. We trust that by this means, he may long speak and stimulate others to engage in the work to which all his energies were devoted.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

My young friend, you love to read the lives of great men. It is well for you to do so. It may rouse you to exertion—may lead you to perform great actions yourself. Reading the lives of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Charles of Sweden, has caused many young men to become daring soldiers. Reading the lives of Hampden, of Washington, and of Jay, has led many to imitate their lofty patriotism. Reading the lives of Brainerd, and Martyn, and Gordon Hall, has caused many to become missionaries of the cross.

Examples of greatness unallied with goodness are, of course, not to be followed. Man was made to do good, as truly as he was made to breathe. He is truly great

only in proportion as the image of God is restored to his soul.

There is such a thing as the praise of men, and there is such a thing as the praise of God. We read of some who loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. It is certain that the latter is by far the most valuable. The objects on which these two kinds of praise are bestowed, are very different. Great and splendid deeds, irrespective of their moral character, are often praised by men, but God never praises actions which are not good. The great men whose lives we should study, and whose examples we should follow, should be those who are great in the sight of God.

To be great in the sight of God, it is not necessary that a man's great plans should be successful, that is, successful in the eyes of men. The works which it is in a man's heart to do, are, in the view of the Lord, often regarded as done.

The young man whose life and character I propose to commend to your notice, was

not widely known, and did not receive a large share of the praise of men; but he was great in the sight of the Lord, and his example is worthy of your careful imitation.

I will set before you the testimony of several eminent men, and you will be convinced that it is no common-place character to which I would call your attention.

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander said, "How richly he was endowed, and how well qualified for this (the missionary) work, I leave to others to describe. I will only say in one word, that, take him all in all, Joseph Barr was not inferior to any man with whom I have been acquainted, in the substantial qualifications of a good missionary."

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller said, "I know not that we ever had in this Seminary a youth more lovely or beloved; more adapted to command respect and inspire confidence."

The Rev. Mr. Bradstreet said, "Had his life been spared, I doubt not he would have

trod closely in the steps of Schwartz, Vanderkemp, David Brainerd, and Gordon Hall. I have been personally acquainted with a large number of those beloved men whom the American Board have sent as heralds of salvation to the heathen world, but never have I seen one in whom the missionary spirit burned with an intenser or holier ardour than in the lamented Barr; nor one who possessed a larger share of the requisite qualifications for the work."

You will not fail to be interested in the incidents of the life of one respecting whom such high testimony is borne. It is not the life of one who lived in a distant land, but of one who lived, prayed, toiled, and triumphed in our own land, and amid scenes with which many of you are familiar. The examples of those whose circumstances were most similar to our own, are the ones most likely to profit us.

I wish you to read the following pages, not for amusement, but for improvement. The habit of reading for amusement seldom

does good, and very often does harm. It often does harm even when the books read are good. The reader does not fix his attention on what he is reading, but allows it to wander, unless it is attracted by the interest of the page. In consequence, he loses power over his attention. When he needs to fix it on an argument, he is unable to do so. Of course he is unable either to understand reasoning, or to reason himself.

Whatever book you take up, fix your whole attention upon it, and read it thoroughly, and let profit, instead of pleasure, be your object.

CHAPTER II.

Joseph Barr was born July 22d, 1802, in Liberty township, Trumbull county, Ohio. He was the fourth child of his parents. From his infancy he enjoyed good health. His natural temperament was cheerful, and his disposition affectionate. There are no

striking incidents known respecting his early life, except those relating to the course pursued by his mother towards him and her other children. She was a devoted woman. Her chief care was to teach her children the fear of the Lord. From their earliest infancy, they were the subjects of her earnest prayers, and the objects of her deepest solicitude. No opportunity was neglected of impressing religious truth upon their minds, and of opening their hearts to its influence. She was in the habit of taking one, or sometimes two of her children at a time, and retiring to some secluded spot to converse with them respecting their souls, and to pray for them with strong cries and tears.

Deep impressions were thus made upon their minds. Near the close of his life, Joseph, in the last interview with his father, remarked, that it seemed to him that he could feel his mother's hand pressing upon his head, as when in his childhood she offered her fervent prayers in his behalf, and bestowed upon him her blessing.

When that precious woman was about to breathe her last, she caused herself to be raised up in her bed, and her children to be brought around her. She then, with her last breath, most affectionately and solemnly charged them to take care of their souls, and to prepare to meet her at the right hand of God. Then turning to her husband, who was a minister, she said, "Be faithful, and especially warn parents of their duty to their children." She then offered an appropriate and affecting prayer, and a few moments after fell asleep in Jesus.

Joseph was then about ten years of age. Such was the mother who was taken away from him. It was a great loss, but was it not a great blessing to have had such a mother? Was it not better to be the son of such a mother, than to be the son of a queen or empress?

A number of children were spending a Saturday afternoon together. After having become fatigued with play, they sat down under the shade of an apple-tree, and began

to express their wishes, that is, one after another told what he most desired to have.

"I wish I had a large new house," said one.

"I wish I had a large purse of gold," said another.

"I wish I was as great a man as General Washington," said a third.

All had expressed their wishes except a pale-faced, sad looking boy. "And what do you wish for?" said one to him.

"I wish I had a mother," said the boy, in a tone which brought tears to the eyes of several kind-hearted girls. The poor lad had never known a mother's tenderness and care, for she had died when he was a babe.

Have you ever thanked God that you have a mother, and a pious mother? What earthly blessing could God bestow upon you better adapted to awaken your highest gratitude and praise?

The parents of Joseph Barr, while rich in faith, were poor with respect to this world's goods. Mr. Barr was not able to give to

any of his children anything more than the ordinary advantages of a limited common-school education. He was a minister, and was called to labour in circumstances of self-denial and poverty. It would have rejoiced his heart to have given his children a good education, and if he had engaged in some other employment, he could no doubt have obtained the means of doing so. But his Master had called him to preach the gospel, and had seen fit to appoint to him the path of self-denial, and he cheerfully pursued it.

He was careful to carry out the system of religious training for his children which had been begun by their sainted mother. He laboured to store their minds with truth, and to apply it to their consciences. No immediate effect seemed to follow, but afterwards the father's labours were repaid a thousand fold in the devoted and useful life of his beloved Joseph.

Joseph remained at home till he was sixteen years of age, when he was apprenticed to a carpenter. This removed him from the

paternal roof. Soon afterwards his father removed to another place about seventy miles distant. From that time there was little intercourse between them, except by letters.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH continued to prosecute with fidelity the labours of his calling, but was not careful to serve that God to whom he had been dedicated by his parents. At times, he endeavoured to forget the truths and efface the impressions which they had made upon his mind, but without success. Conscience would reprove him for his attempt to find enjoyment in sinful indulgences, and thus there was no peace to his soul till he was twenty-one years of age—the time of his hopeful conversion.

Of that event, the following is an account furnished by himself to a friend.

"Among my very first recollections, is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what is now the flourishing State of Ohio, but was then a howling wilderness. My father was a missionary, and my mother was one every way fitted to be his helper. He was gone from home much, in search of the scattered sheep, and had less opportunity to impress his character upon me. But my mother!—she was an angel to me. We lived in a log-house, and had but one large room. Of course she had no closet there; but there was a beautiful grove a little back; and there, as early as I can remember, this mother led me by the hand, and made me kneel by her side, while she prayed aloud for my father and for me. At first I hardly understood it, but soon learned that God, who dwells far, far above those high trees, could hear her sweet voice, and was hearkening to her. She used statedly to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head when she prayed, and an awful feeling always came over me.

She never omitted this practice till her death. She died when I was nine years old, and was buried near by. During the most wicked periods of my life, I have never forgotten these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot. Even since the grove has been gone, and since my mother's grave has become level with the contiguous ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feeling, seemed to come again to my ears, and I have been chained by the remembrance of her faithfulness and her love. No legacy could she have left me half so precious, nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately impressed upon canvass, than they are upon my memory.

"Many years after my mother's death, I was in the heyday of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful. The restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little to check me except my early education. My mother had died when I was a child,

and I was now too far off from my father for him to reach me, except by his prayers. I remember being one night at a ball, whither I went, as I should then have said, for rational and innocent amusement. I was introduced to a partner, a young lady from a distant section of the country. After the dance, for which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her concerning the region from which she came. She gave me many interesting particulars of that then newly settled place, and among other things, mentioned the sickness of her father, and the kind and continued attentions of a Mr. Barr, a missionary, stating that Mr. Barr had been to see her father very frequently, and that she was much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied, 'That Mr. Barr, the missionary—is—my father!' She started as if from an adder. 'Your father!—he your father! What would he say, if he knew you were here?' Had a dagger been thrust into me, I could not have felt the wound more deeply. It spoiled the

evening; it ruined my peace; and though I know not that it can be said that it was the means of my awakening, yet I am confident it planted a thorn in my conscience, which was never taken out till I had bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this keen reproof were both, as it were, involuntary, and show, that neither of our consciences could approve of the business of that evening, if compelled to speak out without restraint.

"A few days after the ball, I was present at a communion. At the table many of my near friends were found. The scene and the thoughts of a future eternal separation affected me greatly. The sermon, too, reached my conscience, and I might, at the close of the services, be said to have been under strong convictions for sin. The same day a devoted deacon was accidentally, or rather providentially, thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing anything of my previous history, or of my feelings at that

time. Then my heart began to rise with a bitterness never known before. I reproached him, pointed him to inconsistencies in the Church, raved like a madman, and while my conscience was grinding me like a mill-stone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore it with meekness—perfectly unmoved, and by his gentleness, held up a shield which made every dart I threw recoil upon myself. His Christian meekness was too much for me. I rose up and left him. If he had only given one retort, shown one angry feeling, it would have relieved me; but no—I could find no handle. I went out into a wood, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself, and when I could stand under it no longer, returned, told the deacon my situation, asked his pardon, and begged his prayers. Truly, as Henry Martyn beautifully says, 'the power of gentleness is irresistible.'

"I had now been under deep and pungent conviction of sin for more than three weeks. I could not pray; I could not feel sorry for

sin, except as it must bring me to unspeakable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron, and I was fast preparing to look up and curse God. Perfectly sensible of my situation, perfectly convinced that I deserved hell, I could not feel regret or humbled. Every feeling of my soul was deep enmity to the character and government of God. At last, after struggling with a terrified conscience and the strivings of the Spirit of God, I determined to take my own life! It was not the result of a paroxysm of despair, but the cool, deliberate determination of one who dares throw himself upon the 'thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler.' After coming to this determination, I selected my time and place. Not far from me was the river, and a little lower was a great fall. Thither I went, resolved to return no more. The waters gathered themselves together into a narrow channel, and after whirling round several times, as if afraid to plunge, they were poured headlong over a time-worn

rock, and fell forty feet or more, into a large basin beneath. Just by the fall was a rock projecting out, and even hanging over this basin. On that rock I placed myself preparatory to the deed. I looked down into the great basin, forty feet below me, and there the fallen waters were boiling and foaming up, as if indignant at being thus cast down:—'fit emblem, I thought, of the raging—the helpless raging of the wicked in the awful pit beneath!' Above these waters, a cloud of spray was rolling itself up towards the heavens:—'fit emblem, I again thought, of the smoke of their torment which ascendeth up for ever and ever! But I will know the worst which God can inflict upon me. I will plunge in; in five minutes I shall know what hell is, and what is to be my situation for eternity!' I drew myself back to take the plunge. There was no faltering—no shrinking of a single muscle. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid upon me. Every nerve seemed to be paralyzed, and every

bodily function to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face; the beautiful sun was shining, and for the first time the thought came, 'perhaps there may be mercy; I will seek it till God takes my life!'

"A gleam of hope shone across my wretched soul. By degrees, I was brought to see that Jesus Christ came into the world to save. I trust I was able to cast myself at the foot of his cross, and cry for mercy. On him alone I trust for salvation. In him I find an all-sufficient Friend."

In a letter to his father, he says:—"I think I have some evidences that my hope is grounded upon the Scriptures of truth. Some of these I will now state to you. May God assist me to write from the heart! They are as follows:

"A *desire* to love God. I have not the faith of assurance to say I *do love* him. A desire to regulate my conduct by his holy word; to take it for the man of my counsel. I think I take pleasure in reading it; and that it

seems altogether new to me. Places that formerly seemed to clash, now appear plain and easy to be understood. Christ appears precious. I take pleasure in the ordinances and duties of religion, and in the society of Christians, especially such as are engaged in the cause. I hate sin, as truly odious in the sight of God. It gives me pain when guilty of committing it. These are some of the evidences which I think I possess. How far my conduct will agree with my feelings is yet to be seen."

CHAPTER IV.

You have seen the process by which Joseph Barr found mercy. He cast himself at the foot of the cross. He cried for mercy, and he trusted in Christ alone for salvation. You have, no doubt, often felt troubled on account of your sins. You mean to secure pardon for them before you die. Have you a clear idea of the only way in which par-

don can be secured? You will perhaps answer, It must be sought through Christ. True, but have you a clear idea of the manner in which it is to be sought through Christ? Do you understand, in all its simplicity, the way of salvation? Plain as are the directions of the Scriptures, I fear they are often misunderstood by anxious sinners. The way is so plain that it is often on that very account overlooked.

You feel that you are a sinner; you feel that you are justly condemned by God's law. You feel that you cannot atone for your past guilt, and cannot render a perfect obedience for the future. You feel that you need deliverance from guilt, and a perfect righteousness wherewith to appear before God. What shall you do? You must ask Christ to remove your guilt, and to clothe you in his righteousness. You must do so with perfect confidence, because he has promised that he will do it and more, for every sinner who feels that he is lost, and who desires to be saved. You are to cast yourself upon his mercy just as you are, for you cannot make

yourself any better, and rely upon him to give you all that you need.

I am next to give an account of Joseph Barr's views in relation to making a profession of religion. He did not act hastily in that important matter. He was hopefully converted in the fall of 1823. He soon began to reflect on the duty of uniting with the Church. In April, 1824, he writes thus to a friend:

"The more I contemplate the subject of openly professing my faith in Jesus, the more plain does it appear my duty; and, also, the more unworthy and unfit do I appear thus to do. But I never can make myself any better, and it is only in the way of duty that we can expect assistance from *Him* who is able to give it. I hope you will remember me, my friend, when you draw near to the throne of grace, that I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and be enabled so to walk as not to give occasion to the world, or offence to the Church."

In the same letter, he gives an account of some of the means which he took to grow in

grace. Some persons, who have not been well instructed in things pertaining to salvation, think that the work is in a measure done, when evidence has been obtained of the conversion of the soul. They suppose that they are then safe, and have but little more to do. Now, in truth, conversion is but the commencement of a life of active devotion to the will of God. It is like the commencement of a journey—it is setting out upon a journey to Mount Zion, and effort must be put forth daily to make progress. As a man on a journey to a particular city cannot make progress unless he puts forth effort and makes use of means, so the Christian traveller cannot make progress without effort.

Young Barr well knew that he had something to do when he entered Christ's service —something to do for his own soul and for the souls of others. He writes:

"I have been reading Doddridge on the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. He is a very close writer, and gives a good deal of good advice, which I hope I may profit by. I have also been reading Oboo-

kiah, and his zeal and engagedness for the cause of Christ is enough to make Christians of this enlightened land ashamed. I have the privilege of reading the Missionary Herald. The accounts of the heathen given by the missionaries, and their affectionate appeals to Christians on their behalf, have made a deep impression on my mind; so much so, my friend, that I feel almost willing to say, 'Here am I, send me.'

"You may ask, why feel more for the heathen than for those with whom I live and am acquainted. The reason is this: The most of these have the means of grace in their power, and it is because they will not, that they do not profit by them; while the heathen, sitting in the region and shadow of darkness, are perishing for lack of knowledge; for how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? O that I could feel for both more than I do, and could bear them more fervently on my mind to the throne of our Father in heaven.

"But it is now late, and I must finish. Though, my friend, I have not openly pro-

fessed that the vows of the Most High are on me, yet I trust I own them in secret, and look forward, with some degree of anxiety, to the time when I shall be permitted to own them in public."

Soon after writing the foregoing letter, he was received into the church in Euclid, Ohio. He resolved, in reliance upon divine grace, to maintain a walk and conversation consistent with the solemn vows he had taken upon him. He was active and faithful in exhorting his friends and former companions in folly and sin, to forsake their evil ways and turn to the Lord. His uniform zeal and consistency of deportment gave him great influence with his former associates, and commended him to the consciences of all who knew him.

But we are not to suppose that this was done without effort, and that it followed his profession of religion as a matter of course. When we see a man who maintains, so far as we can see, a close walk with God, we are apt to think that there is something in his circumstances peculiarly favourable to a life

of piety. We think he is not liable to those seasons of coldness and depression, which so frequently come over us. But if we could see his heart, we should see that it differs from ours, only in the fact that it is kept with greater diligence.

Joseph did not maintain his consistency and make progress without meeting with the difficulties common to all. In a letter written a few months after he joined the church, he says: "With regard to my own situation, I know not what to write. Sometimes cold and stupid, to a great degree; at others, engaged; but at all times, more cold and lifeless than I ought to be. But still I hope, my friend, that on the whole, I am making some progress in the divine life. The Bible appears more valuable, and I am enabled to draw more instruction from it than formerly. The deep depravity of my own heart becomes more visible, so that, at times, I am brought to loathe and abhor myself; also, I feel an increased desire for the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, and for the prosperity of Zion. These last

mentioned desires have induced me, soon after I came back from E., to devote a few minutes, every noon, to prayer, in reference to them. And, my friend, I hope I may have your prayers that the Lord would pour out his Spirit upon me, and grant me more the spirit of prayer, for I need it much."

In another letter he says: "Even now, I feel at an awful distance from God. It costs me many tears, and hard wrestling in prayer, to return. Such is the awful depravity of the heart, still I wander. Well can I adopt the words of the poet: 'And shall I live at this poor dying rate; my love so cold;' and, may I not add, my faith so weak, so unbelieving of his promises? But there are times (though seldom lately) when the clouds of darkness break away, and the Sun of Righteousness displays his cheering rays. O how sweet are such precious seasons to the soul burdened with sin! Then we resolve never to forsake our God more, 'but ere one fleeting hour is gone' we mourn and lament our wandering. Such are a few of the feelings of my heart."

In the same letter he expresses the opinion that if he shall be useful in future life, much of that usefulness would be owing to the fact that his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Bradstreet, had advised and urged him to be faithful and diligent in the first setting out in his Christian life.

In religion, as well as in other things, it is of the utmost importance that we start right. Those who, like Mr. Bradstreet, are instrumental in causing young converts to start right on their Christian course, are the means of doing great good, not only to the individuals immediately concerned, but to others, through their influence.

Through want of the necessary knowledge and direction, not a few who are really converted, fail to take a right course at first, and, in consequence, make very slow progress, and do very little good. Hence the importance of possessing religious knowledge. Hence the duty of parents and teachers to store the minds of the young with religious truth, even though they may at the time feel little or no interest in that

truth. The day may come when it may be of unspeakable value to them. It may cause them, if they are ever converted, to make a good beginning and to move steadily onward in the path of the just, which is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

CHAPTER V.

Soon after Mr. Barr made a profession of religion, his thoughts were turned to the ministry. Mr. Bradstreet, to whom he was indebted for directions as to a right start. thus speaks of him in relation to the ministry: "After becoming so far acquainted with him, as to form a correct estimate of his talents and natural qualifications for a public speaker; and above all, having satisfied myself of the strength, and depth, and permanency of his religious principles and pious feelings, I ventured, in a private and

confidential interview, to call his attention to the duty of preparing to preach the gospel. Whether the subject had been previously suggested to him by any one, or seriously thought of by himself, I am now unable to say. He expressed a strong desire to engage in the work, and a burning zeal to save sinners, but saw a host of difficulties lying in the way."

In relation to his becoming a minister, his excellent father made the following remarks: "Although the idea was agreeable to all my feelings, yet I was cautious in encouraging him at first, for two reasons: one, my inability to aid him; and another, I wished that a sufficient time might pass for his Christian character to be developed so much as to justify Christian friends in countenancing or exciting him to this course; as I had known some instances, in which young men of recent piety had been prematurely encouraged to look forward to the ministry, and the issue was unhappy for them and for the Church. He had not the means for pursuing a course of studies without inter-

ruption, to acquire them, and he had strong objections against being what is called a charity-scholar."

He was not in haste to come to a conclusion on so important a matter. His father was unable to furnish him with the means of pursuing his studies. Some of his friends, among whom were Rev. Mr. Betts of Brownhelm, Rev. Mr. Lathrop of Elyria, and Rev. Mr. Bradstreet of Cleveland, urged him strongly to enter at once on a course of study, and each of them offered him four or five months' board and tuition free of expense. This generous offer he fully appreciated; still, with a feeling of independence which no one can censure, he deliberated whether he should not postpone the commencement of his studies, till by continued labour at his trade, he had earned the means for their prosecution. He was finally convinced that it was his duty to accept the kind offers of his friends, and remarked, "I do not know but that I have cherished a delicacy of feeling respecting

receiving assistance from others, beyond what is right."

In relation to this matter, Mr. Bradstreet remarks:—"Possessed by nature of a manly, independent mind, the idea of dependence in pursuing his studies was extremely irksome. And hence I found it necessary, in order to persuade him to accept of assistance, to hold up before him not only the satisfaction of helping him forward, but the advantages which his instructors would derive, from having an occasion which would compel us to review our former studies. Like every other young man of a manly spirit, he chose to support himself, rather than be dependent on the charity of others, either public or private. Still he was far as possible from being guilty of the sin of ingratitude. No one evinced a livelier sensibility or feeling of obligation to benefactors than he. But in every case where it was practicable for him, by self-denial and personal effort, to assist himself, he chose to do it. And this he often felt able to accomplish when others would have shrunk back. Blest

with one of the best constitutions which God ever gave to his creatures, and rigidly following the temperance regimen, both in meats and drinks, he was able to encounter hardships which would unnerve meaner spirits. The evils incident to the want of pecuniary resources to him were 'trifles light as air.' When in want of cash to pay his necessary expenses, he would resume his trade, during a vacation, and thus recruit his health, give tone and elasticity to his muscular system, and fill his pockets at the same time. This habit, so nobly formed and sustained through his whole literary course, pre-eminently qualified him to be a devoted and self-denying missionary to the heathen. Happy would it be for the Christian Church, if more of the young men who are looking forward to the gospel ministry possessed the same spirit."

He commenced his studies in January, 1825. He spent a few months successively in the families of the Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Rev. Mr. Betts, and Rev. Mr. Bradstreet. He gave a faithful and laborious attention to

his studies, and made satisfactory progress. It will be recollected that he had enjoyed very limited advantages for acquiring knowledge. At the age of twenty-three, he had to go over ground which had been passed by most boys of fourteen, who have enjoyed the advantages furnished by good common schools.

While he was thus cultivating his intellectual powers, he did not neglect the culture of his heart. He met with the same difficulties which have been noticed in a former chapter, and which all will meet with who make progress in the divine life.

When he had been engaged in study a little more than a year, he wrote thus to his father: "To-day has been the time for the monthly concert, and I suppose that you have united your prayers with the many thousands, in behalf of Zion. I have attended this evening. This meeting is usually very interesting to me. There is something elevating and pleasing in the reflection, that many are uniting, at the same time, in interceding for so great a blessing

as the descent of the Holy Spirit. O that the prayers of God's children, this day, might arise like holy incense to his throne of mercy, and call down rich blessings on our guilty world! I think, my father, that if I know the feelings of my own heart, I desire that God may be glorified in this world and throughout the universe. Yet such is the prevalence of sin, and so much am I brought under its dominion; so much does pride, self-esteem, and unbelief, abound in my heart, that I sometimes have but little hopes that I am an humble follower of Christ. Yesterday, in looking over ——'s Life, I found a passage that was very interesting, nearly as follows: 'I have been striving for twenty years to rise above a poor sinner, but have not been able. A beggar still at the throne of grace, and can no more live without daily supplies of grace than daily food.' When I can feel myself to be a beggar at the throne of grace—a mere dependent on God's mercy—then are my hopes the strongest, and my prospects of a future and blessed immortality the bright-

est. Yesterday I also finished the Life of Martyn. The generality of Christians cannot read his life without feeling how far beyond them he had progressed in the divine life. His deep-toned feelings of piety; his breathings after holiness; his ardent zeal; his unremitted activity in the service of Christ, will long be remembered. I hope I shall profit by his memoir. My own views of education accord with yours. Still I tremble, when I think of being confined within the walls of a college four years, and in a theological seminary, two or three more. Study, of itself, is a dangerous enemy to vital piety. It will be doubly so, when placed within the reach of competition. Could the desire of doing good, and of being more useful to our fellow-men, be the foundation or cause of the desire of excelling in improvement, it would not be wrong. But when the promotion of our own glory, the gaining of a great name, or the like, are the motives, it is wrong; especially, as this will lead to misrepresent and defame the talents and literary character of competitors. I

profess to study to become more useful, but whether this is the true motive, He who searcheth the heart only knows. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I think I am becoming more convinced of this truth; and the deeper this conviction, the more precious does salvation by grace appear."

CHAPTER VI.

While Mr. Barr was in the family of Mr. Bradstreet, his conduct was such as led that gentleman to remark, "It was almost impossible to be in his society any length of time without feeling a quickening influence on one's heart. I have often felt reproved by his godly conversation, ardent piety, and supreme devotedness of heart to the Saviour. No one could be long in his society without feeling that he was a genuine Christian, a man of God, fast ripening for heaven. There

was nothing repulsive or austere in his piety, but a gravity and cheerfulness becoming a child of God.

While he was pursuing his studies with Mr. Bradstreet, Professor Monteith, of Hamilton College, sent to him an offer of board while in college, for his services during hours not employed in study. The Professor was led to make the proffer out of regard to the father, from whom he had received kindness during a severe attack of illness, and to the favourable impression he had received respecting the character of the young man. In compliance with his father's advice, Joseph accepted the invitation, and repaired to Clinton, New York, the residence of Professor Monteith, in the early part of the year 1826.

Not long after his arrival he wrote: "I am enabled to pursue my studies, from day to day, without any interruption except that which is voluntary. I take a good deal of exercise, believing it to be necessary for my health, and deeming it highly important to my future usefulness, to go through my studies without injuring my constitution. I

believe it is better to be limited in our knowledge of the sciences, and be enabled to make what we do possess subservient to the cause of Christ, than to have a vast fund, which for want of bodily strength, is, in a manner, useless. I will endeavour to make the motto of a student at Princeton my own. His first concern was to take care of his soul; then his body; and next attend to his studies.

The following letter was written soon after the foregoing. His father had informed him of the hopeful conversion of a brother.

"*Dear and Affectionate Brother*—I have wanted a long time to write you, but have been so hurried with my studies and other duties, that I could not find time. My heart, I trust, was rejoiced, when father communicated the intelligence that he had some reason to hope that you had passed from death unto life. I have longed very much to see you, and converse with you about the wonderful love of Jesus, and exhort you 'to walk worthy of that high and holy vocation wherewith you are called.' Indeed, brother, this is the object of my

writing to you. I know that you have many temptations to withstand and trials to undergo. The world, the flesh, and the devil will assail you, in a thousand varied forms. I tremble, brother, when I think of your exposed condition, lest you should be allured from the path of duty, and bring a disgrace on the cause of our Redeemer. And first, let me entreat you never, for any consideration, neglect your Bible or the duty of secret prayer. If you are ever sanctified, it must be through the instrumentality of truth; and this must be applied to your heart by the Holy Spirit, which you are to receive in answer to prayer. When you open your Bible, it should be with the feelings of David, when he said, 'Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' Never read the word of God in a careless manner, and guard against a cold, formal manner in devotion. Another thing I would guard you against, is, taking professing Christians around you as the standard of your piety. This young persons are prone to do. But the Bible is the only standard of

faith and practice, and the Lord Jesus Christ our only pattern. The Bible says: 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' Now, brother, what was the spirit our Saviour exhibited here on the earth? Read his life prayerfully, and you will find that he was a man of deep humility, and eminently a man of prayer. Active in doing good, self-denied, benevolent, he always exhibited a tender compassion for sinners; in short, he was holy, and we are required to be holy. Oh! brother, let there be an entire consecration of soul and body to the service of our Redeemer. If ever you would become eminently holy, or do much for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the salvation of souls, you must aim high. Let perfection be the mark at which you aim, and never rest till you have attained it. But I must close, although I have much to say to you. May the Lord sanctify you, and make you fit for his service here, and meet for his kingdom hereafter.

J. W. Barr."

He did not allow his interest in his studies

to prevent him from engaging in active efforts for the good of others. He writes to a friend:—"I have just returned from the monthly concert of Sunday-school teachers, of which I am one here. We had a very interesting time. Teachers seem to feel their responsibility, and the importance of being faithful. The present period in this place is one of deep and awful interest. The Spirit of God has been at work here, and it now seems to be the turning point whether this people will receive a blessing or not. Things, for a week back, have looked rather dark and gloomy. About the time I came here, the Lord appeared by his Spirit to call up the attention of his children to pray for the outpouring of his Spirit, and to awaken sinners to a concern for their souls."

The religious interest which prevailed at that time in the part of the country in which Barr was living, was connected with some things which gave pain to some of the more judicious portion of the church. It is possible that Joseph W. Barr contracted something of the censorious spirit which prevailed

to some extent among those who were deeply interested in the revivals in progress. Whether this surmise be well founded or not, it is certain that his letters to his father contained something which that excellent father deemed worthy of reproof. The manner in which the son received it, will appear from the following extract of a letter to his father: —"Your kind admonition, or word of confidence, gave rise to mingled feelings of pain and pleasure—pain that any of my conduct had given occasion for it—pleasure, as it afforded me a new instance of your affection, and of that deep interest in my welfare and future usefulness which you have ever manifested; and I hope you will continue to admonish me as the spirit of my letters may demand, or your own experience suggest."

The following letters will give an idea of the course of his life during his residence at Clinton.

"Clinton, March 17, 1827.
Saturday Night.

"*My Dear Parent*—On the return of this evening, my thoughts very often wander home, and I almost imagine myself seated

in your family circle, and listening to your instructions, or, as it sometimes was the case, (and I doubt not is still,) see you with a heavy heart preparing for the duties of the Sabbath. Such thoughts give rise to melancholy feelings, and even excite the tear of affection, lest we should not again enjoy the privilege of meeting in the family group. With such feelings, I thought I would write my letters to you something in the form of a journal.

"I have just now been looking over my Sabbath-school lesson in the Greek Testament, to see what explanations and what instructions to give to my scholars on the morrow. I have been engaged as a Sabbath-school teacher ever since I came here. Much is doing for the cause of Sabbath-schools, and much good is done by them in this region. God appears to be blessing this institution, and making it the nursery of his Church. There are in this county, (Oneida,) about 70 schools, 700 teachers, and 4000 scholars. By the scholars giving one cent,

and the teachers 6¼ cents a month, we shall raise money to employ a missionary the whole year, whose business will be to establish new schools, and visit and encourage those already in operation. The influence of Sabbath-schools on the well being of society is very great. It dries up, as it were, the very fountains of vice and crime. In proof of this, it is now said that there is not an individual at either of the state prisons in this State, who has been a Sabbath-school scholar.

"28*th*.—I have just returned from school, and snatch up my pen to write a few words to you. I am labouring under a severe cold, hardly able to speak intelligibly, and am not fit for study. The term of our Academy will close in two weeks more, when we shall have a vacation of four weeks. I am at present reviewing my studies for examination at the end of the term, and from the uneasiness and anxiety of my mind respecting my standing as a student, I suspect that ambition, once the darling passion of my heart,

has yet a strong hold there, and it calls to mind Watts's version of the 131st Psalm,

> 'Is there ambition in my heart?
> Search, gracious God, and see.'

I find that a state of competition, when united with dependence, is, to say the least, dangerous, and requires no ordinary degree of grace to keep alive a spirit of ardent piety. Nor do I sometimes wonder that so many in this situation have had only the form of godliness. Few have escaped, uninjured, the temptations and allurements attendant on an ordinary state of competition; who then can stand against them, when more than doubled by dependence? None but he who can rely implicitly on the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee."

"30*th*.—It is now eleven at night, but I would converse a few words with you. I have been thinking, this day or two back, on our Saviour's declaration, that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," and comparing it with what is seen at the present day. The men of this world pursue their schemes of

pleasure or profit, with an energy and perseverance worthy of nobler objects. No dangers intimidate them, no hardships fatigue, nor sufferings discourage them. Difficulties seem to give new vigour to their resolutions, and excite them to more active and energetic efforts. How different the conduct of Christians! In pursuit of the only objects worthy the attention of rational and immortal minds, how feeble their energy, how languid their perseverance! Frightened at the appearance of danger, they have no resolution to overcome difficulties, nor disposition to undergo suffering. I am ashamed of myself; ashamed of the inconsistent, I had almost said irrational, conduct of Christians. Should a wanderer from some other planet visit this, he would never suspect that we were indulging hopes of immortality, and that this was not our home. I now think of a passage in a sermon of Mr. Schermerhorn, (the companion of Mills to the West,) which struck me quite forcibly. He said, if the salvation of our souls depended on the sacri-

fices we made for Christ, very few would be saved. Good night.

"*April* 3*d*.—The midnight hour approaches, and all is still—delightful hour for contemplation, but dangerous to health. Mine is better, almost freed from my cold. There are few things in which we incur so much guilt without laying it to heart, as in abusing the invaluable blessing, health. Last Sabbath was our communion in the College. Two boys, the oldest not yet fifteen, were admitted into the church. It was a solemn season, but how soon do we wear off the good impressions received, and break the solemn vows taken upon us while at the table of our Lord! and how kind and gracious is the blessed Redeemer in permitting us to come again and again to receive of the rich blessings of the gospel feast which we have so often abused! Good night.

"*April* 11*th*.—Our public exhibition has closed this evening, and a termination been made of conflicting feelings in my heart. We had a full house, and the exercises were quite interesting. Among other things, I

have had my vanity a little, or perhaps in truth, not a little gratified in receiving the highest premium for writing and delivering the best oration. My subject was Moral Character. To appear before the public, and exhibit our attainments and talents, is no pleasing task, where we expect to be criticised. It is calculated to call into action many feelings which I never would wish to pervade my bosom. But I feel exhausted, and need repose to fit me for the duties of another day.

"*April* 13*th.*—I have laboured to-day at my trade, and this evening attended a prayer-meeting; but my heart was ill prepared for such a duty, and I consequently enjoyed but little communion with God—could not approach near the mercy-seat—my views of God and sin obscure. What a hardening effect sin has on the heart! I can sometimes say, with Job, I think in sincerity, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!'

"There is nothing very interesting here at present to communicate concerning Zion.

Sometimes the appearances will excite hope, but they pass as the early dew and morning cloud. The Lord, however, is visiting several places in this section.

It is now several months since I heard from home, and I feel some anxiety to hear how you all do. I have many trials and temptations to encounter, and need much grace to live in a manner that will honour the cause of Christ, and make me useful. My love to mother and all the little ones and friends. Your affectionate son,

J. W. BARR."

"CLINTON, May 25, 1827.

"*Very Dear Friends*—It is now a year since I left your much loved family, in which I passed so many delightful moments, and I did not think it would be so long before I would write to you. I have been constantly employed, and time has passed along rapidly. Having a good opportunity of sending to you by Mr. M.'s friends, who are going to Ohio, I embrace it, with the hope of receiving a good long letter in return. With the

exception of a few weeks last fall, my health has been extremely good since I left you. I did not enter college last fall for two reasons. One because I was not quite fitted, and the other, that I could pursue my studies at the Academy to about the same advantage, and much cheaper. When I concluded not to enter, I wished I had stayed with you. I mean not to flatter you when I say, that I have found no instructor in the languages under whose tuition I have made that progress that I believe I did under you. Since last fall, I have read about four books of Livy, and in the Græca Majora, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon's Anabasis, Cyropædia and Memorabilia, besides some in my New Testament. I write composition or speak once a week. Last fall, at our examination, I received the premium for Greek, a fine pocket Testament, and a few weeks since I received the highest premium for delivering the best oration at our exhibition, and also the premium for Latin. My oration was on Moral Character. But I am a poor scholar, and sometimes feel that I always shall be; the

more I learn, the more I see there is to learn. Competition, I find, is calculated to bring into action all the ambitious feelings of my heart, and it would be well if they escaped a tincture of envy.

"I find a constant propensity in me to lose sight of the great objects in view in studying, and to pursue them from wrong motives. Sometimes I love to linger along and pluck the flowers of literature which come in sight, perhaps with the idea at some future day of weaving them into a wreath to attract the attention of a giddy multitude. Sometimes the sight of a competitor advancing with more rapid strides up the hill of science, spurs me forward to overtake him, and it would be well if I never thought of sticking a weight to his heels. I think now of entering college next fall, in the Sophomore class. There are about ninety students in college, between thirty and forty of whom are pious, some of fine talents and ardent piety, who will make faithful ministers of the gospel. But there is not enough of a missionary spirit among them; few of them,

so far as my acquaintance extends, have energy and self-denial enough to forsake all the endearments of civilized life to labour among the heathen, or even in our new countries. I wish to see more of a missionary spirit among our young men of piety, for it augurs well to the Church at home; for his heart who is affected by the sounds of moral ruin at a distance, faintly telling on the ear, cannot be unaffected with the moral wastes of Zion, and moral death immediately around him.

"The present state of Zion here is not very interesting. Some things have transpired lately in this section, which seem portentous to the best interests of the Church.

"*June 23d.—Dear Friend*—I was very much disappointed in not sending this line by Mr. M.'s friends, who went away very unexpectedly while I was absent from home. Mr. L. called on me this afternoon on his way to Ohio, with his wife. A stranger in a strange land, I can feel the force of the wise man's comparison, 'as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his

friend.' I still enjoy good health, and pursue my studies with some anxious feelings, as the examination for admission into college approaches.

"I have often thought of an expression of a friend of yours, which you related to me, respecting speaking in conference, "that there was always something to say and do where there was a sinner." I do not know anything that gives me more pain to look back on, than the little I have done for the salvation of sinners around me; and yet I continue to pursue, in a great measure, the same course. To arouse from a state of inactivity and insensibility, to action and deep feeling, to bring all the energies of my soul to bear on this point, and feel that I have no interest separate from the interests of the Lord Jesus Christ, to eat, drink, sleep, and labour for no other object but the salvation of souls, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, would throw such a deep shade over my past life, require so much self-denial, and need so much grace to carry it through, that I am ashamed in the

one case, shrink from the other, and am of so doubtful faith in the latter, that I cannot trust the promises of God, whose language is, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' yet such is the course, I would say to every Christian, which it is your duty to follow.

"Oh, that I were crucified to the world, and the world to me! In looking forward to the work of the ministry, I desire to view it in its most self-denying and laborious aspect, that I may come to it prepared to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I have lately been reading some of Brainerd's Memoirs, and feel ashamed that I am wading along in the mire and dirt of this world, while I might run and not faint, walk and not be weary in the ways of holiness, as well as Brainerd. I would willingly unbosom more of my feelings were it practicable.

"I hope you will write to me soon. I desire to know how you do, and how the little flock under your charge prospers. I cannot tell you how severely I felt your affliction in the death of Lucy Ann. I could scarcely

refrain from weeping, so strongly had I become attached to her. Give my love to Mr. ——, and ——, and all those with whom I once met in the prayer-circle. I send some letters and books for brother Samuel, directed to your care; please to forward them. Do write to me soon, and let me know about your college, and the state of things in your region. Your sincere friend,

J. W. BARR."

"CLINTON, Sept. 29, 1827.

"*Dear and Affectionate Parent*—Having a good opportunity of sending a line to you, I cheerfully embrace it. The Rev. Mr. A. called this afternoon to let me know he was returning to Ohio.

"Through the goodness and mercy of our God, I have been spared, blessed with health, and prospered in the labour of my hands, for which I desire to be grateful. But some trials of my faith have been mixed with the blessings, and I have experienced some desponding moments, when my way seemed entirely enveloped in darkness. A sketch may

be interesting; but I do not mention my own trials with a view of increasing yours, but simply that I may recount the dealings of God with me, and that you may rejoice with me in his deliverance and mercy. In my last, I mentioned that I was going out to work by the month. After making several trials here in vain, I started for Oriskany, distant nine miles, where I heard work was demanded, but could not get employment. From thence I went to Whitesborough, four miles. Here they wished to hire, but because I had no tools or recommendation of my skill, they refused to employ me. I then went to Utica, the emporium of this Western country. On application to several of the principal workmen, I found that the place was overstocked with joiners, and that numbers were going away. I was an entire stranger, without a cent of money; my feet were blistered with walking; I was both tired and hungry, having eat nothing since breakfast, being some time in the afternoon. While thus wandering through the streets, seeking employment, I met a young man

with whom I had been to school for several months the past winter, and I borrowed twenty-five cents to get me something to eat. Soon after I had the pleasure of seeing Esq. C., of C., just returning from the East. This day was the anniversary of the Western Sunday-school Union, which was to meet at four o'clock, and I expected Mr. M. would be there. I went to the place of meeting, and found Mr. and Mrs. M. and Miss H.; also heard a number of very animated addresses, from persons of different sections, among the first of whom were Dr. L. of Auburn, Rev. Mr. A. of Utica, and Mr. G. S. of Petersborough. The latter is the best orator I ever heard. He is a young man of superior talents and attainments, a distinguished politician, and a decided Christian. After the anniversary, I informed Mr. M. of my fruitless efforts to obtain a place to work. He advised me to stay all night; not to be discouraged, but make some further effort in the morning. It was now eight, when I started to look me up a lodging for the night. I was partially ac-

quainted with a young man from Ohio, who resided with his sister. I determined to go and find him, and tell him my situation. I found him quite unwell. He seemed pleased to see me, and was able to supply me with a bed. About ten I retired to my room, a good deal dejected. I was assailed with various temptations of the devil. At one moment I felt like repining at the Providence of God. I thought it hard that one so willing, as I believed I was, to do something to assist myself in prosecuting my studies, should be thus baffled. At another, I would sink down into despondency and gloom, and feel like giving up all effort. At length I took up the Bible for relief, and turned to the 34th Psalm, in which David so positively asserts the care of the Lord for his people, and I found it precious and seasonable. I saw that I had not felt, that 'except the Lord build the house, the workmen labour in vain,' but had been placing too much dependence on my own efforts. So much for the journey of a day. The next day I returned here, obtained work at sixteen dol-

lars cash per month; have worked my month out and received my pay, purchased a suit of clothes, and made some preparations for college. It is like commencing house-keeping, and I have almost all the expenses to defray from my own exertions.

"I expect now to take a small school within a few rods of the college for the winter, for which I shall receive my board and ten dollars per month, and still room in college, and pursue my studies as far as I can. I have had bed and bedding to provide—bed and pillow of straw—bed-tick, sheets, and pillow cases, plain cotton sheeting, at fifteen cents a yard. I have made a bedstead, and friends A. and B. have each lent me a quilt or blanket for the winter. My suit of clothes will be decent, comfortable, and I think durable, and the whole cost for materials and making, fourteen dollars. It is now late on Saturday night, for I have written this long letter, besides reading a little, and doing some necessary things preparatory for the Sabbath, and I need rest to be fitted for its duties.

"*Sabbath evening.*—I have been afforded another day of rest, and I think I can say it is delightful to wait on God in the ordinances of his own appointment. I heard Mr. Armstrong, this afternoon, from Heb. xii. 14: 'Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Was interested and edified. I think I can rejoice that God is infinitely holy, and requires holiness in his creatures, and that I love holiness, and desire to be delivered from the power of inward corruption, and conformed to the glorious image of the Redeemer. What a process is sanctification! It is compared to refining metal; and if the great Refiner has undertaken a work within me, may I come out seven times purified! Pray for me, that I may be sanctified, body, soul, and spirit, for his service.

Your son, J. W. BARR."

"CLINTON, Oct. 1, 1827.

"*Dear Friend*—The present life is a continued scene of change and trial. Sometimes we ride on the gale of prosperity, at others we are driven by the storm of adver-

sity. Sometimes our heavenly Father seems to allure us to his arms by his goodness; he opens the stores of his bounty, and with an untiring hand strews our path with the blessings of his providence; and when this fails of bringing us to him, he hedges up our way by afflictions and crosses, blasts the fondest objects of our affections, which were drawing us from him; brings us to pause and reflect, turns us about in our full course, and leads us in a way which we have not known. All the changes we are called to pass through, and trials we endure, have their object. Every event of our lives is of a disciplinary nature. If we are vessels of mercy, God is thus preparing us afore for glory; but if vessels of wrath, we are fitting for an aggravated destruction. I do not intend, however, to write a sermon, but was led to these reflections by revolving in my mind the scenes through which I have passed, in order to recount to you the dealings of God with me.

"*October* 13*th*.—*Dear Sir*—I was broken off from writing when I commenced, and

have not found time before now to commence again, and only now for a few moments, for the chapel bell for prayers will soon ring. I have entered college, and been engaged in its duties better than a week. I am much pleased with the instruction. I board with a farmer about sixty rods from college, who is a deacon of the church in the village. I am now almost entirely removed from under the patronage of Mr. Monteith, and have only my own exertions to depend upon for support and means to go on with my studies. I expect to teach a small school, during winter, near college. This will deprive me of one recitation a day, which will be in the Greek language; and I am better prepared to lose a lesson in that, than in any other of my studies. I expect to be up late and early, and study hard, in order to keep up with my class, and I fear respecting my health, but at present I see no alternative; and if this is the way the Lord has designed for me, he will bring me through in safety. Hitherto hath he led me, and he hath not brought me up to this

strange land to die of want, or even to be destitute of the comforts of life. I have some warm friends, and Providence has now cast my lot in a family, the heads of which are indeed among the excellent of the earth.

"*October* 31.—I have just finished my lesson this evening, and cheerfully devote a few moments to converse with you. After a long season, I have been gratified with a letter from home, having this week received a letter from brother John. I have cause for gratitude, that amidst the afflictions and judgments with which God has seen fit to visit the neighbourhood of my friends, I am not called to mourning. Brother mentions that there is some opposition to Mr. ——; but it is from that quarter from which we can never expect anything else. The Church and the world are diametrically opposite in feeling and interest, and never can coalesce. Circumstances, however, often prevent open hostility; but this is not half so dangerous to the interests of religion, as that open profession of friendship which conceals the

dark enmity of the heart, and throws Christians off their guard, and then, like a midnight assassin, aims a fatal stab at the vitality of religion. But the greatest evil, at the present day, is that professing Christians forget that the 'friendship of this world is enmity against God,' and are often found co-operating in those measures which seriously injure the cause of religion.

"We have no preaching in college, and, as a general thing, a lamentable state of coldness and stupidity prevails among professors. Conformity to the spirit and maxims of the world is the prevailing sin. When I first came, I had to ask who were pious, for their speech did not bewray them. I trust, however, we have a few who pray over the desolate state of Zion. The state of religion in this region exhibits nothing very interesting at the present time. Still, I believe, the kingdom of the Redeemer is on the advance. A deeper interest is felt on the subject of Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes; also, on the subject of foreign missions. The fact

that a family from this place, and another from Utica, have gone to the Sandwich Islands, in the last reinforcement, has excited a good deal of feeling and interest in the religious community.

But I must come to a close. My health has not been as good as usual, since I have been in college. I hardly know what to write about my spiritual state. I feel that I live far below the standard of the Bible, and yet Satan would have me believe my standard is high enough. I am sometimes sorely beset by this adversary of souls, who always finds a ready helper in my own wicked heart. 'But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ.' O how delightful it is, when temptations beset us on every side, and the fountains of corruption in the heart seem broken up, to have a clear view of the Saviour! I would sometimes hope that my desires to live more to the glory of God are increasing. I hope, my dear friend, you will pray much for me. I often turn my thoughts to

E., and think of my friends. Give my love to all. I will soon write to brother John.

"Your sincere friend,

JOSEPH W. BARR."

"CLINTON, *January* 10*th*, 1828.

"*Dear and affectionate Parent*—It seems a great while since I have received a letter from you; and I don't know but you have some reason to think I have forgotten you, or that time or distance has alienated my affections from you. But neither is, I believe, the case. I have longed more to see you for some weeks past, than at any other time since I left home. My apology for not writing sooner, is that my time has been so occupied, or my mind so much confused, that I could not write anything satisfactory, and therefore delayed till a more convenient opportunity. This has at length arrived, and I cheerfully embrace it.

"Yesterday my first term in college closed; the greater part of which has been a very hard one to me, being engaged in a school, as well as studies. I have cause, however,

for unbounded gratitude to the Father of mercies, for the health I have enjoyed, and the measure of success that has attended my exertions in the pursuit of science. I have been employed in keeping school better than eight weeks, and expect to continue about twelve more. I receive ten dollars per month, and board and washing. It puts me back in my studies, but I know not how to do better. My expenses are more than I anticipated. My tuition and room-rent alone amount to $18.25, this term: seven dollars of this for entering a year in advance. I have generally been pleased with my studies. I do not, however, like Horace's odes; they are too licentious. Oftentimes a stroke of indelicate wit, expressed in language highly beautiful, poisons the mind ere I am aware of its influence.

"I have formed some valuable acquaintances in college. My room-mate, a young man from Reading, Pennsylvania, has promising talents, united with ardent piety. He belongs to the junior class, and is one of our elders in the church. We have a society

formed among the pious students, denominated the 'Society of Inquiry,' for the purpose of collecting information about the waste places of Zion, and for cultivating a spirit of piety and of missions. We wish to have the state of Zion before us, to know her wants, and to have our hearts deeply interested in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and deeply imbued with the spirit of our Master. We have a large book in which we record all the information we collect. I wish you, if you can, to send me a view of the destitute churches within the bounds of your Presbytery, as soon as practicable. The number of destitute churches; the number of members in each church; their ability to support the gospel; the general disposition of the people to attend on the means of grace, &c., are some of the leading points which we wish to know. There is another topic on which I wish information. What good are our domestic missionaries doing?—what good might they do, if you had more of them?—and what is the want of them? I am appointed to plead

the cause of domestic missions before one of their societies, at their next meeting, and I wish to lay before them—the field of labour, the wants of the churches, the good that might probably attend their labours, and encourage them to proceed, from the good they have already done.

"The state of religion in this section remains about the same as when I wrote last, except, I think, there is an increased spirit of benevolence among Christians. Some few Christians seem to have tasted the luxury of doing good, and others are following their example. Several towns in this vicinity are still favoured with 'refreshings from the presence of the Lord.' Sabbath-schools are exerting a commanding influence, both in church and society, in this section. I could write more, if my paper would permit. Mr. Monteith's family are well.

"Your affectionate son,

JOSEPH W. BARR."

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Barr remained at Clinton about two years. He then thought of going to Amherst College, but was induced to go to the Western Reserve College, which was then in its infancy. Some of the friends of that Institution convinced him that he could do more good by giving a right direction to things there at the outset, than by availing himself of the superior advantages offered by Amherst. He reached Hudson the latter part of the summer of 1828.

The following account of his manner of life while connected with the Western Reserve College, was furnished by a friend, who had full opportunities for knowing the truth of what he affirmed.

"The students of the Western Reserve College, to whom he immediately introduced himself, were much interested in his appearance and manners; and those of them who loved the cause of Christ, were greatly animated by the early exhibitions of his zeal

for God, and love for souls. He seemed desirous of being known immediately as a Christian; and scarcely a day had elapsed, before many little tracts and pamphlets, which he had brought in his trunk, were in circulation through the College. One of these, of which he had many copies, was an interesting 'Appeal to the people of the United States, in behalf of Sabbath-schools.' He seemed very desirous that it should be read by every student.

"Soon after his arrival, however, and before his illness, he was frequently found in evening conference meetings, labouring with zeal and holy boldness for the edification of Christians, and the conversion of sinners.

"To attend these meetings, in different districts of the township, was his constant practice for a number of months, while the regulations of college would permit. And with respect to the course he adopted in these little but important labours, it might be observed here, that it was his uniform practice to prepare something that he might communicate. His exhortations were never

the offspring of a momentary excitement, though they came with warmth and tenderness. While walking to one of these meetings, he inquired of a fellow-student what he was going to say. His companion replied, that he could not tell; he should wait to know what subject would come before the meeting. 'I always spend some time in my room,' he said, 'to arrange my thoughts on some subject for remark in the meeting.' This practice, though attended with some inconveniences when the exercises of the meeting were conducted by another person, he proved to be worthy of imitation. For what he had to say was so well digested, that his hearers were not only interested and pleased, but profited. The citizens of the place, I doubt not, still retain the substance of many of his touching appeals.

"Soon after he became a member of college, brother Barr exerted his influence to establish a Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, the object of which was to present supplications for the colleges and institutions of learning, throughout our country and the

world, before the throne. In his effort to accomplish this he was successful; and from that time to the present, those meetings have been constantly and regularly continued. In these meetings, as well as in our weekly prayer-meetings on Thursday evenings, he was uniformly found, and always prepared to encourage and stimulate his Christian brethren, by his warm and pungent appeals, so long as he remained a member of the institution. It was refreshing to every Christian heart to listen to the words that dropped from his lips. There was such a richness of thought, clothed with such a sacredness of manner, that all of our little group 'took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.' The character of the Saviour was his favourite theme. He delighted in holding it up as an example to his brethren; and when dwelling upon the infinite benevolence that was exhibited in his mission to our fallen world, his soul seemed to rise from earth, and enjoy the highest bliss, 'in wonder, love, and praise.'

"In our meetings on Sabbath mornings, his

eye was constantly fixed on the six hundred millions of the heathen world. It was here that he found the grand impelling motive to prayer for colleges. These institutions he regarded as so many fountains, destined to send their waters to every part of our thirsty planet. That our world should be redeemed, then, and that the gospel light should be diffused throughout all its darkened nations, the renovating and sanctifying influences of the Spirit of God upon seminaries of learning were, in his estimation, a blessing most earnestly to be desired and prayed for, by the Christian community.

"As a student, Barr soon distinguished himself. He was anxious to employ all the means within his reach to improve his intellect. He scorned the thought of going into the service of his Redeemer, as a preacher of the gospel, with an uncultivated, ill-shapen mind. Soon after his arrival at college, he exerted himself to form a literary society, for the benefit of himself and others in this respect. As the institution was new, no such society had been organized. In the

formation of its constitution, he was a principal agent, and deserves a large share of the credit due to its founders. The society still retains the impress of his fingers.

"In the cause of temperance he immediately engaged with his whole soul. Cold water was his only beverage; and he was anxious that every student should adopt the same habit of entire abstinence—not only from alcoholic drinks, but also from tea, coffee, tobacco, &c. Doubtless, to his abstemious habits, he was indebted for that vigour, corporeal and intellectual, which gave efficiency to all his efforts in the cause of God.

"He confined not his efforts in behalf of Christian temperance to the college. Placed at the head of a temperance society, formerly existing in that institution, he laboured to extend the influence of that society to the citizens of the neighbouring townships. Little had been done in this section of the country, at that time, for this object; and he earnestly desired to adopt some measures that should awaken the public mind more thoroughly to this subject. A plan was sug-

gested to him by a Christian brother, from the Mackinaw Mission. It was to number the intemperate citizens of the county, and ascertain also the quantity of grain distilled, the amount of whiskey made, the number of distilleries, &c. Barr called the society together, proposed the plan, pled earnestly that it might be adopted, and rejoiced in the success of the project. An impulse was given to temperance which the country still feels. To this effort he alludes in his private diary as follows:

"'*January* 17, 1829.—I have neglected my journal for more than a week, because of the pressure of studies, and some business. I have been assisting in collecting and laying before the public, some facts on the subject of intemperance. The extent of this evil is astonishing; and still more astonishing is the apathy with which Christians view it.'

"During the month of March, 1829, he was employed as an agent for the Western Reserve Sunday-School Union, and travelled through the eastern counties of the Reserve;

assisted to form county and township societies, and addressed congregations in behalf of Sunday-schools. A few extracts from his journal will suffice to give a view of him in this department of active labour.

"'*Euclid*, *March* 6, 1829.— * * * I expect to leave here to-day, on my tour as a Sunday-school agent. O that I might feel more my weakness, and have a stronger faith in the promises of God!'

"'*Painesville*, *March* 10.— * * * To-day I expect the society for this county (Geauga) will be formed. I shall probably be called on to address the meeting, which very much troubles me; and I am ready to say with Moses, 'Send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send.' O that God would be with my mouth, and teach me what to say; and, for his own glory, give my cause favour in the sight of this people!'

"'*Austinburg*, *March* 19.—Yesterday a Sunday-school society for this county (Ashtabula) was formed; and some few take an interest in it, which promises well for the future. But still there is a great indiffer-

ence on this momentous subject. I feel myself that I do not enter into this cause with my whole soul as I ought. O that I might feel how important a bearing this institution has on the welfare of immortal souls, and the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom!'

"'*Brookfield, Trumbull county, April* 3.—Yesterday I addressed this people on the subject of Sunday-schools. Some were in tears at the recital of the blessed effects of Sunday-schools in other places. A subscription of twenty dollars was obtained. One man, not a professor of religion, gave fifteen dollars. Thus far the Lord has blessed my feeble labours for good. O that I might feel more my dependence on Him!'

"Through the whole of the two years which he spent in college, Barr was assiduously engaged in this cause. In the autumn of 1828, he established two or three small schools in neighbouring destitute settlements, and obtained for them teachers. Through most of the winter following, he was the superintendent of a school seven miles distant. The reader will see a speci-

men of his labours in this cause, in the following extracts from his diary.

"'*December* 28, 1828.— * * * Made some preparation for my Bible-class; began to think about the responsibility of my situation as a teacher of youth in the Sunday-school and Bible-class, and trust I felt some of my own weakness; took some notes of facts connected with Sunday-schools, which I wished to mention before a congregation. Walked to my school, and tried to lift up my heart in ejaculatory prayer on the way, that God would assist me, and bless my scholars; felt a good deal encouraged to go forward in my school and Bible-class. Afterward, walked six miles to a neighbourhood where I had appointed to plead the cause of Sabbath-schools. Found a full house, and fixed attention. A school was appointed for next Sabbath, and a lesson given out.'

"'*February* 2, 1829.—I have been from home two days past, to assist in forming a Sunday-school in a destitute town. In company with Deacon K——, I visited most of the families in the neighbourhood. Some

of them were sunk to the lowest degree of poverty and ignorance. One family, consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, not one of whom can read, excited my compassion. But two or three individuals who make any pretensions to religion, and they are of a doubtful character; Sabbath violated; profanity abounds, and intemperance, the scourge of our land, spreads its unhallowed desolations around, without one redeeming quality. Yet nearly all seemed favourably disposed to the Sunday-school.'

"In May, 1829, he engaged his growing influence to form a Society of Inquiry in the college. He had, before this time, frequently spoken of the thing to some of his brethren; but circumstances did not seem to favour the design. He now found that the scheme was practicable; and he called a meeting of those students who were favourable to it, to adopt measures for its organization. It was organized, under a constitution which he had brought with him from Hamilton College, with some slight alterations. The design of the society was 'to

collect facts with respect to the state of the Church and the world.' Here was exhibited that peculiar spirit of missionary enterprise which characterized his whole religious history.

"The members of the society were, at first, few in number; consequently, its correspondence was quite limited. In the little which it did accomplish, however, Barr was its most efficient agent while he remained in college. In a correspondence carried on with the 'Missionary Dorcas Society, Mackinaw,' which the society first opened at his suggestion, he was exceedingly interested. He was to that society, emphatically, what Samuel J. Mills was to his associates in Andover. With the broad surface of the world spread out like a chart before him, he was distressed at the awful wickedness and dark desolations that covered it, and, at the same time, was full of joy in the recollection that 'the LORD reigns.' His addresses delivered before that society, were full of touching interest.

"It would naturally be expected, that a

spirit like Barr's would find high interest in the Monthly Concert. "His heart was with Jerusalem;" and no season was more delightful to him than that holy one, when the voice of the Christian world was poured, in united, fervent supplications, for the perishing millions of our world, into the ear of Jehovah. The following extracts from his journal may be sufficient on this point.

"'*January* 5, 1829.—Attended the monthly concert for prayer this evening. There is something calculated to awaken the feelings of the soul, in meeting the thousands in Christendom around the mercy-seat; having in view the one great object—the redemption of our world from sin. But when shall that blest day arrive?—or when shall the Church unitedly put forth an effort corresponding to the greatness of the object to be obtained? Oh! when shall the constraining love of Jesus impel Christians of the present age, to the self-denial, energy, and perseverance of a Paul, in spreading the gospel? Lord, may the constraining love of Jesus so pervade my heart, as that I shall not count

my life dear unto me, but be willing to spend it in thy service, where and how thou seest best.'

"'*February* 2, 1829.—* * * This evening I attended the monthly concert for prayer. Only twelve, out of quite a large church and congregation, were present. For my own part, I know not how they can stay away.'

"During the winter of 1829–30, the college was blessed with a precious outpouring of the Spirit of God. Professing Christians were much quickened, and sinners, in considerable numbers, were anxious to know what they should do to be saved. A few were brought, as we have reason to believe, into the fold of Christ. Through the whole of this interesting season, Barr was most active in the service of his Master. He encouraged his brethren, and strove to remove from them everything that might hinder the progress of the chariot of salvation. He exhorted sinners, visiting them in their rooms; and pressed upon them, in the plainest and most faithful manner, the duty of immediate repentance, and submission to the Lord Jesus

Christ. Constantly aware of the need in which sinners stood of the agency of the Holy Spirit, he was earnest in prayer for them, and endeavoured to enlist the feelings of his Christian brethren, to pour out continual and fervent supplications in their behalf. He would frequently assemble together a handful of Christians, in some private room, and, mentioning to them the case of some impenitent sinner, would desire them to pray for him while he should go and converse with him alone. This he did frequently, and often with the happiest results. He seldom failed of finding access to the hearts and consciences of those with whom he conversed. Indeed, the students were all pleased with his visits, and I do not know that he ever met with a really unwelcome reception; not because of any desire on their part to have their consciences awakened, but because his manners had always been such as to insure to himself the confidence and respect of all classes.

"One of those in whose case he took very deep interest, recently told me what were his

feelings when conversing with him on the subject of religion. Barr would press upon him the necessity of an immediate attention to the concerns of his soul, and he, in return, would curse him for his importunity, telling him to mind his own business, and let others alone. 'Yet,' says he, 'I always wished that he would continue his calls and warnings.' He did so; and from that time, this young friend has given his most serious attention to the subject of religion, and is now a member of the Church of Christ in the college. How much he is indebted to Mr. Barr's influence will appear in another world.

"Another, who had for years been sceptical, was at the same time under serious concern, and subject to great distress in view of his condition as a sinner. He repaired to Barr's room, inquiring with great solicitude the way to the Saviour of sinners. They spent a considerable part of the night together, in prayer and conversation. Since that time, he, too, has indulged the Christian's hope, and become a student of theology.

"In this excitement, Barr's character as a Christian was most clearly exhibited. He proved that he felt no confidence in himself, nor in any human agency. His eye was constantly fixed on the great Head of the Church, and his confidence was altogether reposed in God. This state of mind led him to watch against many of the imprudent measures often adopted in times of religious excitement, and, at the same time, stimulated him to activity in the use of all those means that are sanctioned by the word of God. Like all other eminent Christians, he placed a high value upon prayer. And though public meetings were usually frequent, he exerted much influence in favour of private praying circles, which were held almost every morning and evening in different parts of the college. I recollect going with him one day to the mechanics' shop, for exercise. The weather was intensely cold, and there was no fire in the building. No other students assembled for their accustomed manual labour. After we had spent a few minutes at the work-bench, Barr said,

'It is too cold to handle tools comfortably; let us spend a season in prayer.' Any other than a warm-hearted Christian would have thought it too cold also to pray.

"One thing was worthy of notice in his conversation with the anxious. They were very frequently calling on him with some knotty question in theology, which they desired him to explain. He would invariably strive to lead them away from these hiding-places; not, indeed, by denying or covering up what he regarded as truth, but by showing them that they had duties to perform, and that for their conduct God would hold them, as free agents, responsible at his tribunal. He pointed them to their own guilt, and repeated in their ears, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He directed them to the Saviour, and urged it upon them, as the first duty, to abandon the world, and make Christ their Leader and their God. Till this was done, nothing was done; and speculation on difficult questions was all vain, worse than vain, till the first lesson was studied.

"He graduated in August, 1830; a member of the first class ever sent out from the Western Reserve college. On the Sabbath preceding commencement, he visited his Sunday-school. I think I shall never forget the interesting scene presented, when he took his final leave of those beloved scholars. He told them he was about to leave them; exhorted them, with the greatest tenderness and affection, to become the friends of God; to love the Lord Jesus Christ; said that he should probably see them no more in this world, but hoped to meet them in heaven. He fervently commended them to God, and then went round the room to bid them individually farewell. The sobs of the children told how much they loved him. The whole assembly was in tears. He maintained a perfect control over his own feelings, till just as he was leaving the room, when a little boy came up, took him by the hand, and, looking up in his face, asked touchingly, 'Shall I see you no more?' Barr could not answer. His heart had been full, and he now gave it vent in audible weeping. He

pressed the dear scholar's hand, and with a half-uttered—'I don't know, Henry'—passed on."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Barr graduated at the Western Reserve College, in the autumn of 1830, and soon after repaired to Andover, for the purpose of prosecuting his theological course, or a part of it, in that Seminary. Previously to this time, the subject of the place which it would be best for him to select for this purpose, had been, in his father's correspondence with him, an occasional topic of discussion. While the prepossessions which he had imbibed from his associates in study, and the inclinations which he had cherished, gave young Barr a strong desire to enter the seminary at Andover, the predilections of his father had, from various considerations, as strongly turned in favour of Princeton.

His father reluctantly consented that Joseph should go to Andover. He was afterwards convinced that he did well in so doing. He subsequently said, "I believe now the Lord has work for me to do in that region, the fruit of which will abide the day of trial."

At Andover he entered with zeal upon the prosecution of his studies, and upon the work of doing good to others. He engaged at once in the work of Sabbath-school instruction. He thus speaks of his impressions in regard to the seminary: "I am very much pleased with my situation in this sacred seminary. The facilities for acquiring knowledge are very great—a good library, the best of instruction, interesting society. All I need, to make respectable attainments, is diligence in business, and fervency in spirit."

During the spring vacation at Andover, his circumstances required that he should work at his trade for wages. He was employed by Mr. Row, of Groton, Massachusetts. Rev. John Todd, then the minister of

the place, writes: "He came to my house an entire stranger. He was out of health, and came and spent a vacation with us. And how think you did he spend it? On the couch, taking gentle exercise, and 'light medicines?' No. He hired himself out as a carpenter, and a better, or a more diligent and faithful workman, was hardly ever known. The family where he resided can hardly speak of him without tears. On leaving us, he carried with him more of the heart and good wishes, and more of substantial tokens of confidence from his Christian friends, than if he had spent it in any other manner. He carried away, too, a good stock of health."

After remaining at Andover one year, he left the institution, and connected himself with the Theological Seminary at Princeton. The reasons which led to this step are not fully stated. One object probably was, the hope of increasing the missionary spirit in the church to which he belonged.

The reader of the preceding pages will have seen that his thoughts had frequently been directed to the subject of Foreign Mis-

sions. Soon after his arrival at Andover, he wrote to a friend, "Last Sabbath evening I took tea at Mr. Flint's, where Obookiah lived several months; and, on the same evening, attended conference in the school-room, where Gordon Hall, Mills, Parsons, and Fisk, used to attend. It seemed like standing on holy ground. I was not a little affected by the associations that were awakened."

His father, learning that he had thoughts of devoting himself to the work of preaching the gospel to the heathen, wrote to him, admonishing him to weigh the matter well. "I hope," said Mr. Barr, senior, "you may do nothing rashly in this matter. In my view, there is scarcely anything demanding more calm, deliberate, and prayerful consideration, than that of an individual devoting himself to missionary services among the heathen. 'Sit down and count the cost.' Are you willing, are you able, to encounter and endure, for the sake of Christ and souls, what must, in a greater or less degree, be endured by every mission-

ary to the heathen? May the Lord of the harvest direct you. Your affectionate father."

In a letter to his father, Joseph writes: "You ask, Shall I become a Presbyterian missionary? Perhaps I may. But, I confess, I am nearly sick and tired of hearing some say, I am of Apollos, and others, I am of Paul. I not unfrequently wish myself in some dark, obscure corner of our guilty world, where I might preach Jesus and him crucified, to my dying fellow-men, without hearing of wars, martial, political, or religious. If I am only permitted to labour among the benighted heathen, I care not what they call me; it is all the same thing. The *object* is what I want to look at—preaching the gospel to every creature."

In a letter dated Princeton, December, 1831, noticing that a missionary spirit was on the increase in the Seminary, he adds, "I am rejoiced to see that a missionary spirit is beginning to spring up in the Presbyterian Church. Our denomination has too long slumbered over the wants and cries of a

dying world. It is time, and high time, she should awake and do something. I rejoice to see them devising ways in which they can do something for the heathen. What will be the result of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Synod of Pittsburgh? Will that subject be brought before the General Assembly next spring? There is one subject which now agitates my mind a good deal, and in reference to which I would earnestly ask an interest in your prayers. It is the delicate and momentous subject of matrimony. Should I go to the heathen, as I hope the Lord will send me, it is time I should know who would be my companion in labour, and participator in my joys and sorrows. I feel that this is a subject of deep importance, not only to myself as an individual, but to the interests of missions. It takes hold on eternity. I am under no engagements. I remember the inscription on mother's tombstone, and often lately have repeated that expression on it, 'A prudent wife is from the Lord;' and I hope I feel it in some measure."

In March, 1832, he wrote as follows: "*Dear and affectionate Father*—Your interesting letter of last month I received in due season, but as I had just written to you an account of my visit to Philadelphia, (he had spent two weeks there as a city missionary,) I have not hastened to answer it. I should be happy, indeed, to come and spend my summer vacation with you, were it in my power, but there is no railroad running from here to Cincinnati and Monroe; and if there was, my empty purse would present an insurmountable barrier to my visit. Having decided, as I trust from a sense of duty, to spend my days in some heathen clime, if it is the will of the great Head of the Church, I feel desirous of enjoying the society of my friends before I leave my native soil. And never did they appear so near to me, as since I have come to the determination of leaving them, probably never to see any of them again, till we meet with an assembled universe around the judgment-seat of Christ. In a walk, the other day, I was thinking about you and the family, especially those

who give no evidence of having an interest in Jesus Christ; and my feelings almost overwhelmed me. If I could but believe that all our family were truly pious, and would finally meet where sin and sorrow will for ever cease, I could think of the separation with comparative calmness; though, even then, the thought of never seeing each other on earth would be painful. Where I shall labour in the missionary field, I know not. What would you think of my going to Central Africa, under the Board at Pittsburgh? One brother here is now accepted by that Board, and expects to go to Africa. He would be glad to have me conclude to go with him. My own feelings lead me to South America or Southern Asia. I believe, however, I am willing to go even among the Hottentots. I trust the Lord will direct me to the proper field."

Early in August he wrote, requesting his father's prayers and counsel in regard to the proposal made to go out on an exploring mission to Africa, under the Board, in the following manner:

"PRINCETON, August 11, 1832.

"*My Dear Father*—While the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day,' is destroying its hundred and thousands around me, I am still permitted to enjoy good health.

"There have been five or six deaths in Princeton by the cholera; none of the citizens—all labourers on the canal. I watched with one of the poor fellows one night. He suffered much; symptoms such as you have seen described in the reports of physicians in the public journals.

"The pestilence is less destructive in New York now than formerly, but is increasing in Philadelphia. It is also quite severe in Trenton, in this State. But I leave this subject for the more important one of missions. The moral pestilence of sin, which is making such wide and fearful ruin among our fellow men, is worse than the cholera. No medicine can cure the latter; but for the former we have in the gospel a sovereign remedy; and Christians have been commanded by the great Physician of souls to

carry it to all who are infected with the disease. But how negligent have they been in obeying this command!

"'Millions there are, on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound.'

"It may be that the course you suggest is the best, and perhaps the only one which will ever wake the Presbyterian Church to action as a body, and in its distinctive character: that of young men devoting themselves to carrying the gospel to the heathen, and then calling on the Presbyterian churches to support them. I frankly confess, I do not think that I am qualified for a reformer in the Presbyterian Church, on the subject of missions.

"I may still see and feel it to be my duty, to engage under the Board at Pittsburgh. They think of sending a mission to Africa. One brother in this seminary has given himself up to their direction, who expects to go to Africa. He has often been at me, to accompany him. Dr. Alexander has several times hinted to me, that I had better go there. Several days since, Brother Pinney,

(who is the one who thinks of going to Africa,) gave me a letter from Rev. E. P. Swift to read, respecting their operations and his going to Africa. I remarked to him that the Board had better send out two missionaries, as explorers to Africa, who could select a field, and make a report of what was necessary. After examining the country, and selecting sites of missionary stations, they might return or not, just as it was deemed best. To-day brother Pinney came to me with the question, whether I would be willing to become one of those explorers, provided the Board approved the plan. He stated that he had seen both Drs. Miller and Alexander, who thought *that* the very best plan the Board could adopt. This deputation, they think, had better be sent this fall, or early next spring; or rather, at the time when it is considered most healthy along the coast. A letter has been despatched to the American Colonization Society, to ascertain this point. Now, what must I say or do in reference to this sub-

ject? God has given me a robust body, sound constitution, some decision, perseverance, and energy of character. This course will bring the subject directly before the Presbyterian churches. They will have an object to look at. Ought I to go, provided the measure meets the concurrence of the Board? It has brought the subject up before my mind more as a reality than ever before. Of course I cannot decide at once. I must have some time to pray and think over the subject, and consult with judicious friends. I am glad to have this early opportunity of laying the subject before you, for advice and consideration. I hope you will not fail of answering me immediately. If it should seem to be duty, I think I shall rejoice to go; not doubting but the grace of God would enable me to bear all the trials which it would subject me to. O for wisdom from on high to guide me!

"Should I see it my duty to go to Africa soon, I shall expect, (Deo volente,) to spend a few weeks at home first."

"September 5th, 1832.

"*Dear and affectionate Father*—I have been looking with some anxiety for a letter from you, for some days past, but it has not yet come. I send this line to inform you that circumstances have transpired which I suppose will throw me once more into a father's arms, in a few days. In a communication received this week from the Missionary Board at Pittsburgh, I received the intelligence that if I would consent to go to Africa, they would send an exploring mission this fall. After seeking divine guidance, and consulting my Professors, who were unanimous in the opinion that I had better go, I have written to the Board that I will accept of their proposals, and go, if no other obstacles opposed than I knew of then. I expect now to be in Pittsburgh next week, on my way home—shall only be able to spend a few days with you. But then I go with the expectation of returning after having explored that dark and benighted country. I trust our Heavenly Father will prepare us both for meeting and for separating.

'His grace will be sufficient for us.' Unless something special occurs, I shall probably be at home about the 19th or 20th. I need not ask an interest in your prayers. I believe I have, and will especially have them, in view of what seems now before me. I should have been exceedingly glad to have had your prayers and counsels while I was deciding so momentous a matter. But that was impracticable, under existing circumstances; and I trust when you come to see and hear all the case, you will also approve the course I have taken."

It is hardly necessary to remark that his course received his father's warmest approbation.

CHAPTER IX.

THE name of Mr. Barr had been brought before the Executive Committee of the Western Foreign Missionary Society, as a suitable person to become Mr. Pinney's associate in the African expedition. They decided

that in case Mr. Barr consented to go, arrangements should be made to send them early in the following autumn.

In the following letter, Mr. Barr's conclusion was made known to the committee.

"PRINCETON, Sept. 5, 1832.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—The conclusion of your Board, in reference to sending a mission to Africa this fall, was laid before me on Monday last. It placed me in a peculiarly solemn and trying situation. Should I conclude to accept the proposition and go with brother Pinney, I must break up all my present plans, forego the advantages of a year's preparation for the work of missions, which I felt I needed, and which I had designed to obtain—leave my friends and country with only a few weeks' notice, and engage in an arduous, responsible, and in some degree hazardous mission.

"On the other hand, should I not conclude to go, the operations of your society would be retarded another year; the churches having no specific object to look at and

arouse them, would still slumber, and a dark, benighted continent remain still longer without the gospel. Need I say, there was a struggle in my bosom?

"After seeking divine direction and consulting my Professors, I have decided to offer myself to your Board. In doing this, I act in accordance with the unanimous opinion of my respected and beloved instructors, as well as with what seemed to be the teachings of God's Spirit on my own mind. I have not had an opportunity of consulting my honoured father on this particular question. I know, however, his feelings towards your Board, and in respect to my engaging in the work of missions; so that I suppose it will be in accordance with his views of my duty in this case, however trying it may be to his feelings to give his son up so soon. I shall write to him to-day.

"After consulting Drs. Alexander and Miller, it is thought best that I proceed immediately to the West, and visit my friends.

"I shall, therefore, expect to be in Pitts-

burgh next week, a day or two after you have received this communication; if nothing special should occur, probably on the 13th.

"I shall then bring with me testimonials from my Professors here. If you wish any others, I would refer you to my Professors at the Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio; also my pastor, the Rev. Stephen Peet, Euclid, Ohio.

"As I hope to see you in person soon, I add no more, except to ask an interest in your prayers. I feel the need of them, dear sir, in the work before me.

Your affectionate brother,

JOSEPH W. BARR.

Rev. E. P. Swift."

When we consider the perilous character of this enterprise, and the brief period which could be allowed him to remain in this country, if this determination was formed, we cannot fail of being struck with the devoted zeal and heroic firmness which led this young man instantly to abandon his favourite studies, bid a final adieu to his beloved teachers and fellow-students, and at

once engage in the most cheerful and active manner to prepare for his intended voyage to Africa. He felt that his Master's business required haste, and how intimately connected with the moral influence of his character, upon the churches and the minds of the young men who are to follow him, was this part of his conduct! The record of the two last months of his life, commencing with this prompt decision, will long be, it is to be hoped, a blessing to that cause in which he fell. On leaving Princeton, Mr. Barr was handed the following introductory letter to the Committee, by one of his venerable teachers.

"PRINCETON, Sept. 10, 1832.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—This letter will be handed to you by Mr. Joseph W. Barr, who has offered himself to your Board as a missionary to the interior of Africa. He is greatly esteemed among us, and leaves us to visit his friends, and prepare for the voyage, with the cordial affection and the fervent prayers of all the friends of the Redeemer's kingdom, who know him. We

trust he will prove 'a chosen vessel,' destined to bear with a rich blessing, the treasures of divine mercy to thousands of the perishing heathen. That the great Head of the Church may graciously preside over your Board, and make this, its first enterprise, a rich blessing to the world, is the unfeigned prayer of, Rev. and dear sir, your brother in Christ, SAMUEL MILLER."

Mr. Barr, having come to the conclusion that it was his duty to leave his studies, and enter at once on the missionary work, bade his fellow students adieu, and set out for Pittsburgh, to meet with the Executive Committee of the Missionary Society, and to visit his father and relatives, preparatory to taking his departure for Africa.

The following account of his farewell to the students, is from the pen of one who was present: "I cannot well forget that tender and most solemn meeting which we last enjoyed with our brother Joseph. It was on the morning of his departure—it was then, I think, or the night before—that

Joseph arose, and after having made a few remarks, concluded with something like the following: 'Brethren, after much deliberation and prayer, I have determined upon what seems to me to be the path of duty. I go to the work, not knowing what shall befall me; perhaps my bones are soon to lie whitening on the plains of Africa, beneath some palm tree; perhaps I shall fall before my work is well commenced; but I trust in God. Follow me, brethren, with your prayers.' He was called upon by one of the Professors to pray. There was an uncommon flow of feeling in his prayer. I wept, though not given to weeping, and others too did weep. God bless our brother, was our secret prayer, and then we parted."

He arrived at Pittsburgh on the 14th of September. He bore to the Committee the following letter from his Professors:

To the Executive Committee of the Western Board of Foreign Missions.

Dear Brethren—Having understood that Mr. Joseph W. Barr, a student of this Semi-

nary, and a licentiate of New Brunswick Presbytery, has offered himself as a missionary to Central Africa, under the direction of your Board, we take pleasure in attesting, that the religious and moral character of Mr. Barr is excellent, that his mind is vigorous and well balanced, and that his literary and theological attainments are highly respectable.

"It is true, his theological course has not been completed, but as he has been seriously occupied with theological subjects ever since he commenced a course of liberal education, he has acquired a maturity in his religious knowledge, superior to what is common in our licentiates. In our opinion, Mr. Barr is eminently qualified to go on an exploring expedition to Africa. He enjoys a vigorous state of health, much firmness and energy of mind; and, if we are not deceived, will unite with much prudence, a spirit of activity and enterprise. It is no small recommendation, that he has been brought up to labour, and that the habit of working at his

trade has not been entirely relinquished during his academical and theological course.

"Mr. Barr is, besides, a good writer, and a man whose communications to the Board will be judicious, and such as will command entire confidence. We do, therefore, cordially recommend Mr. Barr, as a suitable person to be employed in the important mission which is in prospect.

"With great respect, we are yours, &c.

A. ALEXANDER,
SAMUEL MILLER,
C. HODGE."

He also bore to his father, whose residence he reached on the 20th, the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Alexander:

"PRINCETON, *September* 10, 1832.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—The time has arrived which will put your parental feelings to a trial somewhat severe. Your son Joseph has determined to go on a distant, dangerous, and highly important enterprise. It was with reluctance that I yielded to the

plan of his curtailing his theological course one whole year; because I am persuaded that he would have made good use of that time in improving his knowledge, and laying up stores which might be useful in the work of the ministry. But the call of his Master to go forth now, seemed to be clear; and the truth is, Joseph is better qualified for the high calling to which he aspires, than nine-tenths of those who take this sacred office upon them. If the Lord spares his life, I think he will become eminent in the missionary field. Since he has been with us, we have had no occasion, less or more, to find fault with him. His conduct, as far as we know, has been in all respects becoming his profession and situation; and it affords me unfeigned pleasure to say, that, in my opinion, he is sound in the faith. His examination on theology, conducted before our Presbytery by President Carnahan, gave entire satisfaction.

"I have been very cautious about advising your son to undertake this expedition, for I know it must be attended with extreme dan-

ger of life and health; but of this he is fully aware, and seems to have his heart fortified against every fear and every danger. I consider the enterprise to be one of the most interesting which can be undertaken. It has relation to a whole continent, which for centuries has been buried in deepest darkness. The young man who is to be the companion of your son, and who has exerted himself much to induce him to resolve on this mission, is a person peculiarly well qualified for such a work. He is bold, cheerful, patient of labour, and zealous for the conversion of the world. May the Lord go with them and prosper them! Engage all your pious friends to set apart special times of prayer, for the blessing of God on this enterprise. I am, respectfully, yours,

A. ALEXANDER."

Mr. Barr's arrangements allowed him to spend but a brief season with his father and western friends. "We had," said his father, "an affectionate, and, I trust, a profitable interview. While we tried to hope that we

might meet again on earth, we felt and prayed together as though we should not."

During the few days spent among his western friends, he was abundant in labours; preaching on the Sabbath, and on other days, addressing Sabbath-schools, and striving in every way to promote the great object to which his life was devoted.

On the 11th of September, he arrived in Philadelphia. On the evening of the 12th, in the presence of a large and solemn assembly, he, in connection with Mr. Pinney, was ordained by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. The Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander preached the sermon, and Dr. Miller gave the charge.

He spent the next Sabbath in New York, where he preached twice, and early the next week proceeded to Norfolk, whence he expected to sail as early as the 25th of October. From that place he wrote his last letter to the Secretary of the Society.

"Norfolk, Oct. 23, 1832.

"*Dear Brother Swift*—We arrived here to-day, and find the vessel will not sail till

near the fifth of next month. I desired to embark immediately, but the will of our heavenly Father be done. He has something, I hope, for us to do in the churches yet, before we leave. Brother Pinney will state our views.

"Dear brother, I find the preparations for our voyage and living in Africa have buried me almost in worldly business. I shall be glad when I can set foot on heathen ground, although I often feel very unfit for the arduous work before me. And now, dear brother, I ask again an interest in your prayers. Oh, forget us not; we need your prayers. You are not forgotten by us; I feel cheerful and happy in anticipation of what is before me. Your brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord,

JOSEPH W. BARR."

Three days after writing the above letter, he was in eternity!

As the ship did not sail so soon as was expected, Mr. Barr went on Friday to Richmond, and in the afternoon of the same day

to Petersburg, to make an appointment to preach. On Saturday morning he returned to Richmond, where he expected to preach on the Sabbath. On Saturday night he was taken with the cholera, and died about the middle of the afternoon of the next day.

The following letters to his afflicted father give the particulars of his decease.

"RICHMOND, Oct. 28, 1832.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—How precious is the truth, that we have in heaven a great High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tempted as we are—a Brother, indeed, who has learned by experience what it is to obey in the midst of sufferings! And how infinitely important that we, who by our office are so often called to administer consolation to the afflicted, should ourselves be able to sympathize with them! But how can this be, unless we have tasted of the bitter cup? Nay, how can we know how to estimate the bitterness of that cup which our Saviour drank of, for our sakes, unless we have drunk some portion of it ourselves? But

why should I dwell upon these things, when doubtless 'the anointing which you have received of Him abideth in you, and you need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you in all things.'

"Yet, my dear sir, I do feel disposed to linger upon these truths, before I come to the subject-matter of this letter. I now feel regret, that I did not take a few moments this morning to despatch a letter, announcing the illness of your son, that that letter might be a precursor of the afflictive intelligence which it is my painful duty to communicate in this. Yet, had you not lent him to the Lord, to be the instrument of promoting his glory in any way that his infinite wisdom should see fit! Were you not as willing that he should go home to his Master from the American, as from the African shore, if that would be the most acceptable method of finishing the work which the Lord had given him to do? 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"The facts which I have to communicate are few. Your dear son, now I trust with

Christ, arrived in this city on Thursday. After calling on some few friends to his particular branch of the cause of Christ, he visited me for a few minutes, settled arrangements for the services of to-day, and on Friday, P. M., went to Petersburg to make similar arrangements there; returned on Saturday morning; called on me again about sunset yesterday, (*i. e.*, Saturday); left me in apparent good health and spirits. He had taken lodgings under the hospitable roof of Mr. John N. Gordon, of this city, whose circumstances were such, both as to disposition and ability, as to do everything which could be done for the comfort of his guest. About five o'clock this morning, Mr. Gordon waked me, saying that your son had been taken ill in the night. I soon visited him, and found Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, with others of their family, in assiduous attention upon him; but he was evidently in the grasp of a severe attack of that malignant disease which has been ravaging many parts of this country. I thought his case hopeful at first, having had medical

attendance of the best character at a very early hour after the attack, but the disease continued its ravages until about the middle of the afternoon, when God released him. I am satisfied that nothing which could have been done, with prospect of success, was omitted. His distress, as is always the case in this disease, was great; but, I think, less than in some other cases which I have witnessed.

"*Monday*, 29*th*.—To-day his remains were carried, at eleven o'clock, to the First Presbyterian Church, and a larger assemblage than usual were gathered. The Rev. Mr. Armstrong being absent, I endeavoured to make the occasion profitable by a discourse from Rev. xxii. 20, which were the last words I heard him utter, and he seemed to utter them with a cordiality which bespoke the state of his mind. Mr. Gordon will give you more particulars. Wishing you the consolation and supports of the gospel, I subscribe myself,

"Your brother in the gospel ministry,

STEPHEN TAYLOR."

"RICHMOND, *October* 31, 1832.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—You will, no doubt, before this reaches you, have received a letter from Mr. Taylor, containing the melancholy intelligence of the death of your son; but believing that every particular relating to the illness and death of one so deservedly dear to his friends, will be gratifying, and Mr. Gordon being very much occupied, I have determined to write, and, as far as I can recollect, give all the particulars of Mr. Barr's visit to us—his sickness and death.

"If the sympathy of strangers can afford any consolation to his bereaved parent, brothers, sisters, and friends, be assured you have it.

"Mr. Barr arrived at Richmond, from Norfolk, last Thursday; dined with us on Friday; went to Petersburg the same afternoon, to make an appointment to preach; returned the next morning, and remained with us until his death.

"Even the short space of time that he sojourned with us was sufficient to endear him to my heart. I have never met with a

stranger for whom I had formed a greater attachment, and in whom I felt a deeper interest. His humility, his softness of manner, and above all, his ardent piety, and entire devotion to the service of his Redeemer, called forth the warmest feelings of respect and love for him, from us all. But I, who know comparatively nothing of his character, need say nothing more on this subject to those who knew him well.

"When he retired to rest on Saturday night, little did we think what another day would bring forth! He was unwell, when he went to bed, but said nothing about it. He aroused us late in the night. I immediately went to his bed-side, and found him suffering with that most dreadful of all diseases that I have ever seen, the cholera; but I hoped he was in the early stage of the disease, and that it might be speedily arrested. The usual medicine and remedies were applied as soon as they could be procured, by two skilful physicians, and everything was done that we could do to relieve him; but vain was the help of man! As soon as I thought

him in danger, I asked him if his mind was composed and at peace. He replied that it was. And although he did not then seem to think he was going to die, he manifested entire resignation to the will of God.

"The Rev. Mr. Taylor visited him as soon as it was day, and conversed and prayed with him; and he has given you a much better account than I can, of what passed between them.

"Our Christian brethren visited him, and paid him every attention that they could pay a brother beloved. Early on Sabbath morning, he asked me if it was not Sabbath morning. On my replying in the affirmative, he replied, 'I cannot sing, Welcome sweet day of rest, now.' I asked him if he would like to hear it sung. He said, 'Yes.' And as well as I could, under such affecting circumstances, I and Mr. Gordon (who came into the room soon after) sung it for him. He, very early in the day, became so completely prostrated, and the general distress of his body was so great, that he could say but little more.

"He once afterwards requested the brethren to sing and pray with him, but was immediately seized with cramps, which prevented it at that time; but prayer was offered afterwards. Oh! I shall never forget his looks, while I live; and although his sufferings must have been very great, he bore them with much patience.

"I asked him if there was any thing that he wanted, or that I could do more for him. He looked at me with an expression of countenance that I cannot describe, and said, 'You are very kind, and I want to express my gratitude to you all, while I can.' These were about the last words that he said to me. About this time, he said to the Rev. Mr. Converse, who asked him if he felt prepared to meet the change that seemed to await him—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Once, while I was sitting at his bedside rubbing his hands, he said to me, 'I am afraid you will get sick.' But O, what would I not have done to have saved his life! And now I find it hard to be resigned. O that I, as well as all who

loved him, may be enabled to say from the heart, the will of the Lord be done! He retained his senses to the last, but was unable to speak for some time before he died, which was about half-past 3 o'clock on Sabbath afternoon; and thus, this Sabbath, begun by him in so much suffering, ended in that Sabbath of rest that never ends. May you, and all the members of his bereaved family, derive much consolation from this reflection, and the hope, that though he is dead, he yet speaketh for the cause of missions; especially for benighted, oppressed, and degraded Africa. Mr. Gordon will add a few lines, and state what arrangements have been made about his clothes, papers, money, &c. We have kept some of his hair, and will put it with his clothes, after retaining some for oursslves. Mr. Taylor preached his funeral sermon on Monday, from these words—'He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus!'—which were the last words we heard him utter. The hymns sung on the occasion were, the 90th Psalm, long

metre—1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 8th verses; the 12th and 566th of the Village Collection. And now, may you be supported and comforted under this severe affliction, is the prayer of one who deeply sympathizes with you. LOUISIANA GORDON."

We have thus set before the reader an account of the life of one who was called home from the threshold of his work. Why did God cut down one whose prospects of usefulness were so flattering? It is not for us to know. He doeth all things well. Our concern is with duty, and not with the designs of God, except so far as he sees fit to reveal them.

Let his example stimulate us to greater diligence in duty. Let us, like him, be ever engaged and active in the Lord's work. Then when death comes, it will not surprise us: we shall enter into the joy of our Lord.

THE END.

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